

THE
SECOND EPISTLE
OF THE
SECOND BOOK
OF
HORACE,
IMITATED by Mr. POPE.

Ludentis speciem dabit & torquebitur—



DUBLIN:

Printed by and for Sylvanus Pepyat, Bookseller in Skinner-Row, M,DCC,xxxvii.



SEC

SECO

D^{Ea}

You love

²A Fr

his

Bows and

¹ Flora, bon
² Si quis fa



THE
SECOND EPISTLE
OF THE
SECOND BOOK of *HORACE.*

Dear Col'nel! Cobham's and your Coun-
try's Friend!

You love a Verse, take such as I can send.

²A Frenchman comes, presents you with
his Boy,

Bows and begins.—“This Lad, Sir, is of Blois:
A z “Ob-

¹ *Flore, bono claroque fidelis amice Neroni,*

² *Si quis forté, &c.*

Observe his Shape how clean ! his Locks The Fau
how curl'd ! (Cou'd y

" My only Son, I'd have him see the World: If, after

" His French is pure ; his Voice too — you'd you
shall hear — so bad

"Sir, he's your Slave, for twenty pound aFaith, in
year. I think Sir

"Mere Wax as yet, you fashion him with ease, Who sent t

"Your Barber, Cook, Upholst'rer, what And punis
you please. 4 Confid

"A perfect Genius at an Opera-Song— I told you

"To say too much, might do my Honour You said
wrong : With La

"Take him with all his Virtues, on my word

"His whole Ambition was to serve a Lord, Nay worse,

"But Sir, to you, with what wou'd I not part? Dye this

"Tho' faith I fear 'twill break his Mother's [In A

heart. Had dea

"Once, (and but once) I caught him in a Lye,

"And then, unwhipp'd he had the grace to

~~3~~ Ille fer

The 4 *Dixi m.*
5 *Luculli*

—

100

Locks The Fault he has I fairly shall reveal,
 (Cou'd you o'erlook but that)--it is, to steal.
 World: If, after this, you took the graceless Lad,
 you'd you complain, my Friend, he prov'd
 so bad ?

and a faith, in such case, if you should prosecute,
 I think Sir Godfry should decide the Suit ;
 Who sent the Thief who stole the Cash, away,
 And punish'd him that put it in his way.

4 Consider then, and judge me in this light ;
 I told you when I went, I could not write ;
 You said the same ; and are you discontent
 With Laws, to which you gave your own
 word assent ?

Lord, Nay worse, to ask for Verse at such a time !
 part? D'ye think me good for nothing but to rhyme ?
 ther's 5 In ANNA's Wars, a Soldier poor and old,
 Had dearly earn'd a little purse of Gold :

Lye, Tir'd
 ace to

3 Ille ferat pretium, &c.

4 Dixi me pigrum, &c.

5 Luculli miles, &c.

2110 March

Tir'd with a tedious March, one luckles⁶ Bred u
night,
To read i
He slept, poor Dog ! and lost it, to a doit. Besides,
This put the Man in such a desp'rare Mind, The bette
Between Revenge, and Grief, and Hunger (And littl
join'd,
To hunt s
Against the Foe, himself, and all Mandkind, But knott
He leapt the Trenches, scal'd a Castle-Wall Depriv'd
Tore down a Standard, took the Fort and a And certa
“ Prodigions well ! ” his great Commander cry Deny'd al
Gave him much Praise, and some Reward Hopes aft
beside. While m

Next pleas'd his Excellence a Town to batter prev
(Its Name I know not, and it's no great matter For Righ
“ Go on, my Friend (he cry'd) see yonder Wall He stuck
“ Advance and conquer ! go where Glory calls And me,
“ More Honours, more Rewards, attend th Convict a
Brave ” ————— But (than

Don't you remember what Reply he gave ? Indebted
“ D'ye think me, noble Gen'ral such a Sot ?
“ Let him take Castles who has ne'er a Groat

Bred up at home, full early I begun
 To read in Greek, the Wrath of Peleus' Son.
 Beside, my Father taught me from a Lad,
 Mind, The better Art to know the good from bad :
 unger (And little fure imported to remove,

To hunt for Truth in *Maudlin's learned Grove*)
 kind, But knottier Points we knew not half so well,
 e-Wal Depriv'd us soon of our Paternal Cell ;
 and a And certain Laws, by Suff'ers thought unjust
 er cry Deny'd all Post of Profit or of Trust :
 Reward Hopes after Hopes of pious Papists fail'd,
 While mighty WILLIAM's thundring Arm
 batten prevail'd.

matter For Right Hereditary tax'd and fin'd,
 er Wall He stuck to Poverty with Peace of Mind ;
 ry calls And me, the Muses help'd to undergo it ;
 end th Convict a Papist He, and I a Poet,
 But (thanks to *Homer*) since I live and thrive,

gave ? Indebted to no Prince or Peer alive,

Sot ?

Groat

⁶ Brie 6 *Romea nutritri mibi contigit, &c.*

Sure

Sure I should want the Care of ten * *Monro*, Hard Ta
If I would scribble, rather than repose. When O

7 Years foll'wing Years, steal somethin' 9 But g
ev'ry day, Again to

At least they steal us from our selves away; Who the

In one our Frolicks, one Amusements end, In Crou

In one a Mistress drops, in one a Friend: and

This subtle Thief of Life, this paltry Time My Cou

What will it leave me, if it snatch my Rhim A Poet b

If ev'ry Wheel of that unwearied Mill In Palace

That turn'd ten thousand Verses, now stand At Ten f
still. Before th

8 But after all, what wou'd you have me do There's

When out of twenty I can please not two; "Oh bu

When this Heroicks only deigns to praise. "And ra

Sharp Satire that, and that Pindaric lays? Not qui

One likes the Pheasant's wing, and one the Le A Hack

The Vulgar boil, the Learned roast an Egg Th

Har And the

God ki

* Dr. MONROE, Physician to Bedlam Hospital.

7 Singula de nobis anni, &c.

8 Denique non omnes, &c.

9 Prae

Tonro Hard Task ! to hit the Palate of such Guests,
se. When Oldfield loves, what Dar--n-f detests.

nethin 9 But grant I may relapse, for want of Grace
Again to rhyme, can *London* be the Place ?

away Whothere his Muse, or Self, or Soul attends ?

s end, In Crouds and Courts, Law, Busness, Feasts
end: and Friends ?

Time My Counsel sends to execute a Deed :

Rhim A Poet begs me, I will hear him read :

ill In Palace-Yard at Nine you'll find me there--

v stand At Ten for certain, Sir, in Blooms'b'ry-Square-

Before the Lords at Twelve my Cause comes on

me do There's a Rehearsal, Sir, exact at one. —

t two; "Oh but a Wit can study in the streets,

raife. "And raife his Mind above the Mob he meets."

lays? Not quite so well however as one ought ;

theLe A Hackney-Coach may chance to spoil a

n Egg Thought,

Har And then a nodding Beam, or Pig of Lead,

God knows, may hurt the very ablest Head.

B

Have

Have you not seen at Guild-hall's narrow Pafs
 Two Aldermen dispute it with an Ass ?

And Peers give way, exalted as they are,
 Ev'n to their own S-r-v--nce in a Carr ?

¹⁰ Go, lofty Poet ! and in such a Croud,
 Sing thy sonorous Verse — but not aloud.
 Alas ! to Grotto's and to Groves we run,
 To Ease and Silence, ev'ry Muse's Son :
Blackmore himself, for any grand Effort,
 Would drink and doze at * *Tooting or Earl's-*

Court.

How shall I rhyme in this eternal Roar ?

How match the Bards whom none e'er match'd
 before ?

The Man, who stretch'd in Isis' calm Retreat
 To Books and Study gives seven years compleat,

See ! strow'd with learned dust, his night-cap
 on,

He walks, an object new beneath the Sun !
 The

¹⁰ *In nunc, & versus, &c.*

* *Two Villages within 3 or 4 Miles of London.*

The Boys flock round him, and the People
stare :

So stiff, so mute! some Statue, you would
f swear,

Stept from its Pedestal to take the Air.

And here, while Town, and Court, and City
roars,

With Mobs, and Duns, and soldiers, at their
doors ;

Shall I, in *London*, act this idle part?

Composing Songs, for Fools to get by heart

"The *Temple* late two Brother Sergeants
faw,

Who deem'd each other Oracles of Law ;

With equal Talents, these congenial Souls

One lull'd th' *Exchequer*, and one stunn'd
the *Rolls* ;

Each had a Gravity wou'd make you split,

And shook his head at *M---y*, as a Wit.

"I was

"Twas, "Sir your Law" — and "Sir, you
And much
Eloquence" —
bite

"Yours Cooper's Manner -- and yours Talbo's
To seek a
Sense." But let th
To stop m
14 In jed
ref

¹² Thus we dispose of all poetick Merit,
Yours Milton's Genius and mine Homer's sp'rit
Call Tibbald Shakespear, and he'll swear They tre
the Nine

Dear Cibber! never match'd one Ode of thine Tis to
Lord! how we strut thro' Merlin's Cave, to see to
No Poets there, but Stephen, you, and me. Each pr
Walk with respect behind, while we at ease But how
Weave Laurel Crowns, and take what Name The Me
we please.

"My dear Tibullus!" if that will not do,
Their o
"Let me be Horace, and be Ovid you.
f
"Or, I'm content, allow me Dryden's strains
That w
"And you shall rise up Otway for your pains
on
¹³ Much do I suffer, much to keep in peace
This jealous, waspish, wrong-head, rhiming
Race; And

12 Carmina compono, hic elegos, &c.

13 Multa fero ut placeam. &c.

And much must flatter if the Whim should
bite

To seek applause by printing what I write :
But let the Fit pass o'er, I'm wise enough,
To stop my ears to their confounded stuff.

¹⁴ In vain, bad Rhimers all mankind re-
ject,

They treat themselves with most profound
respect ;

Tis to small purpose that you hold your
tongue,

Each prais'd within, is happy all day long.

But how severely with themselves proceed

The Men, who write such Verse as we can
read ?

Their own strict Judges not a word they
spare

That wants, or Force, or Light, or Weight,
or Care,

How' er

¹⁴ Ridentur, mala qui componunt, &c.

Howe'er unwillingly it quits its place,
Nay tho' at Court (perhaps) it may find
grace :

Such they'll degrade ; and sometimes, instead,

In downright Charity revive the dead ;
Mark where a bold expressive Phrase appears,
Bright thro' the rubbish of some hundred
years ;

Command old words that long have slept,
wake,

Such as wise *Bacon*, or brave *Raleigh* spoke,
Or bid the new be *English*, Ages hence,
(For Use will father what's begot by Sense,)
Pour the full Tide of Eloquence along,
Serenely pure, and yet divinely strong,
Rich with the Treasures of each foreign
Tongue ;

Prune the luxuriant, the uncouth refine,
But show no mercy to an empty line ;
Then polish all, with so much life and ease,
You think 'tis Nature, and a knack to please

But Ease in writing flows from Art, not

“ Chance,

As those move easiest who have learn'd to
“ dance.

15 If such the Plague and pains to write by
rule,

Better (say I) be pleas'd, and play the fool ;
Call, if you will, bad Rhyming a disease,
It gives men happiness, or leaves them ease.

There liv'd, *in primo Georgii* (they record)
A worthy Member, no small Fool, a Lord ;
Who, tho' the House was up, delighted fate,
Heard, noted, answer'd, as in full Debate :
In all but this, a man of sober Life,
Fond of his Friend, and civil to his Wife,
Not quite a Mad-man, tho' a Pasty fell,
And much too wise to walk into a Well :

Him;

15 *Prætulerim scriptor delirus, &c.*

Him, the damn'd Doctors and his Friends in
mur'd,

They bled, they cupp'd, they purg'd;
short, they cur'd:

Whereat the Gentleman began to stare—

My Friends? he cry'd, p---x take you
your care!

That from a Patriot of distinguis'h'd note,
Have bled and purg'd me to a simple *Vot*—
¹⁹ If, yo

¹⁷ Well, on the whole, then Prose must You tell
my fate:

Wisdom (curse on it) will come soon or la The mor
There is a time when Poets will grow du Confefs a
I'll e'en leave Verses to the Boys at schoo The He
To Rules of Poetry no more confin'd, Men o
I learn to smooth and harmonize my Min ²⁰ Wh
Teach ev'ry Thought within its bounds to Evi
And keep the equal Measure of the Soul You give

¹⁸ So

ends in
18 Soon as I enter at my Country door,

rg'd; My Mind resumes the thread it dropt before ;
Thoughts, which at Hyde-Park-Corner I
forgot,

are
Meet and rejoin me, in my pen~~sive~~^{five} Grott.

e you There all alone, and Compliments apart,
I ask these sober questions of my Heart.

note, 19 If, when the more you drink, the more
e Vot you crave,

e must You tell the Doctor ; when the more you
have,

n or la The more you want, why not with equal ease
ow du Confess as well your Folly, as Disease ?

t scho The Heart resolves this matter in a trice,

n'd, " Men only feel the smart, but not the Vice. "]

ny Min 20 When golden Angels cease to cure the
nds to n Evil,

ne Soul You give all royal Witchcraft to the Devil :

18 So

C

When

18 Quocirca mecum loquor hæc. &c.

19 Si tibi nulla fitim, &c.

20 Si vultus tibi, &c.

When servile Chaplains cry, that Birth all He-
Place tow

Indue a Peer with Honour, Truth, and Gra His Ven'
Look in that Breast, most dirty D-- ! be fa He boug
Say, can you find out one such Lodger the You pur
Yet still, not heeding what your Heart Now, o
teach, fou

You go to Church to hear these Flatt' You pay
preach. 22 H-

Indeed, could Wealth bestow or Wit
Merit,

A grain of Courage, or a spark of Spirit, Buy ev
The wisest Man might blush, I must agr he
If D *** lov'd Sixpence, more than he. Buy ev
21 If there be truth in Law, and Use c Yet the
give

A Property, that's yours on which you liv Half th
Delightful Abs-court, if its Fields afford The L
Their Fruits to you, confesses you its Lord Abhor

Birth all He—te's Hens, nay Partridge, sold to
town,

nd Gra His Ven'son too, a Guinea makes your own:

! be f He bought at thousands, what with better wit

ger the You purchase as you want, and bit by bit;

Heart Now, or long since, what diff'rence will be
found ?

Flatt' You pay a Penny, and he paid a Pound.

²² H—te himself, and such large-acred
Men,

Lords of fat *E'sham*, or of Lincoln Fen,

Spirit, Buy every stick of Wood that lends them
heat,

ft aga Buy every Pullet they afford to eat.

an he, Yet these are Wights, who fondly call their
own

Use a Half that the Dev'l o'erlooks from Lincoln
you li Town.

afford ts Lord A The Laws of God, as well as of the Land,
Abhor, a *Perpetuity* should stand :

Estates

Estates have wings, and hang in Fortune;
 ^{24 Gold}
 pow'r

23 Loose on the point of ev'ry wav'ring
 Hour;

Ready, by force, or of your own accord,
By sale, at least by death, to change their Lord.

Man? and *for ever?* Wretch! what wou'd
 thou have?

Heir urges Heir, like Wave impelling Wave:

All vast Possessions (just the same the case)

Whether you call them Villa, Park, or Chace)

Alas, my BATHURST ! what will they avail?

Join *Cotswold* Hills to *Saperton's* fair Dale,

Let rising Granaries and Temples here,

There mingled Farms and Pyramids appear,

Link Towns to Towns with Avenues of Oak,

Enclose whole Downs in Walls, 'tis all a joke,

Inexorable Death shall level all,

And Trees, and Stones, and Farms, and Farmer fall.

²⁴ Gold

rtune; 24 Gold, Silver, Iv'ry, Vases sculptur'd high
Paint, Marble, Gems, and Robes of *Persian*
av'ring Dye,

There are who have not — and thank Hea-
v'n there are

Who, if they have not, think not worth
their care.

25 Talk what you will of Taste, my Friend
you'll find,

Wave: Two of a Face, as soon as of a Mind.

case Why, of two Brothers, rich and restless one
Chace) Ploughs, burns, manures, and toils from Sun
to Sun ;

avail? The other flights, for Women, Sports and
ir Dale, Wines,

re, All *Townsbend's* Turnips, and all *Grovenor's*
appear, Mines :

of Oak, Why one like *Bu*-with Pay and Scorn content
a joke! Bows and votes on, in Court and Parliament;
One, driv'n by strong Benevolence of Soul,
Shall fly, like *Oglethorp*, from Pole to Pole :
Is known alone to that Directing Pow'r,
Who forms the Genius in the natal Hour ;
That

24 Gemmas, marmor, ebur, &c.

25 Cur alter fratrum cessare, &c:

That God of Nature, who, within us still, In Pow' r
 Inclines our Action, not constrains our Will; Behind t
 Various of Temper, as of Face or Frame,²⁸ But
 Each Individual : His great End the same. I wish yo

²⁶ Yes, Sir, how small soever be my heap, But does
 A part I will enjoy, as well as keep. As wild
 My Heir may sigh, and think it want of Grac Does ne
 A man so poor wou'd live without a Place: Not the
 But sure no Statute in his favour says, With T
 How free, or frugal, I shall pass my days: thre
 I, who at sometimes spend, at others spare, Despise t
 Divided between Carelessness and Care. kn
 'Tis one thing madly to disperse my store, Survey b
 Another, not to heed to treasure more ; In spigh
 Glad, like a Boy, to snatch the first good day Fir
 And pleas'd, if sordid Want be far away. Pleas'd to
 27 What is't to me (a Passenger God wot) And cou
 Whether my Vessel be first-Rate or not ? mi
 The Ship it self may make a better figure, Has Life
 But I that sail, am neither less nor bigger. Can't th
 I neither strut with ev'ry fav'ring breath, Has Age
 Nor strive with all the Tempest in my teet As Wint

²⁶ Utar, & ex modico, &c.

²⁷ — Ego utrum : Nave ferar magna an parva, si ²⁸ Non
 unus & idem.

still, In Pow'r, Wit, Figure, Virtue, Fortune, plac'd
 Will; Behind the foremost, and before the last.
 ne, ²⁸“ But why all this of Av'rice? I have none”
 same. I wish you joy, Sir, of a Tyrant gone ;
 heap, But does no other lord it at this hour,
 As wild and mad? the Avarice of Pow'r?
 of Grace Does neither Rage inflame, nor Fear appall?
 Place: Not the black Fear of Death, that saddens all?
 With Terrors round can Reason hold her
 days: throne,
 spare, Despise the known, nor tremble at th' un-
 known?
 store, Survey both Worlds, intrepid and entire,
 re; In spight of Witches, Devils, Dreams, and
 good day Fire?
 way. Pleas'd to look forward, pleas'd to look behind
 d wot) And count each Birth-day with a grateful
 not? mind?
 figure, Has Life no sournes, drawn so near its end?
 gger. Can't thou endure a Foe, forgive a Friend?
 eath, Has Age but melted the rough parts away,
 my teet As Winter-fruits grow mild e'er they decay?

Or

Or will you think, my Friend, your busines
done,

When, of a hundred thorns, you pull out one?
29 Learn to live well, or fairly make your
Will;

You've play'd, and lov'd, and eat, and drank
your fill :

Walk sober off ; before a sprightlier Age
Comes titt'ring on, and shoves you from the
stage :

Leave such to trifle with more grace and easie,
Whom Folly pleases, and whose Follies
please.

29 *Vivere si rectè nescis, &c.*

F I N I S.

ousines
ut one
ake your

I drank

Age
om the

nd ease,
Follies
